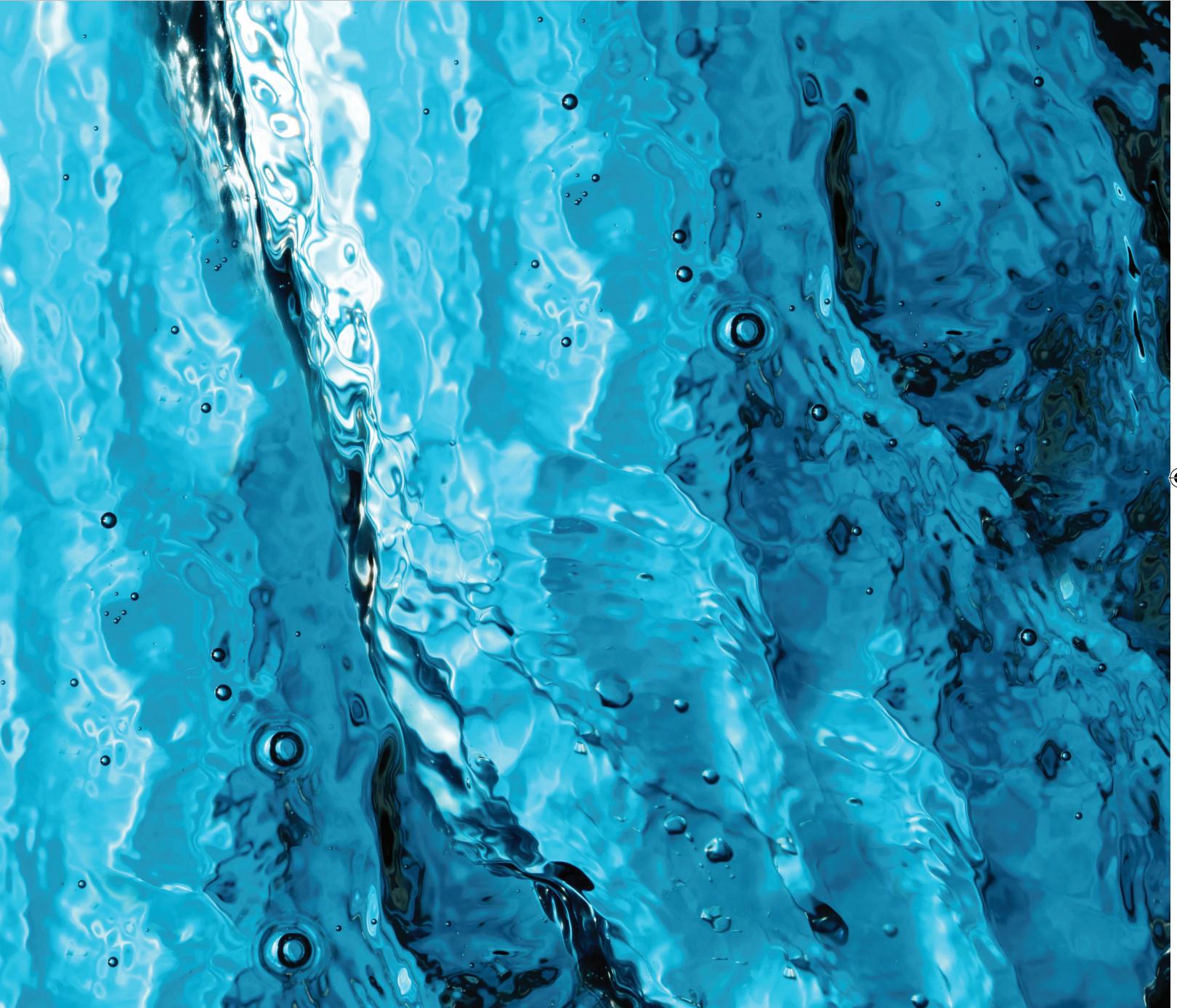




Reading Magazine 2010

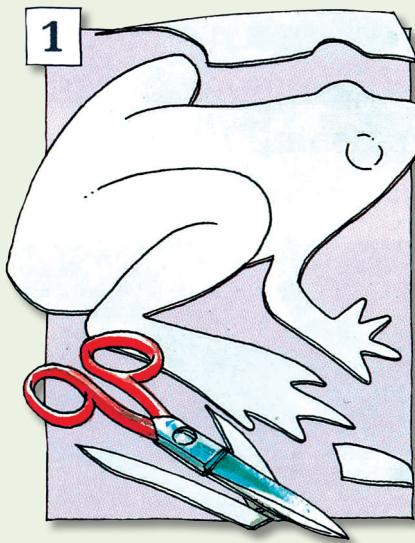


Year 5

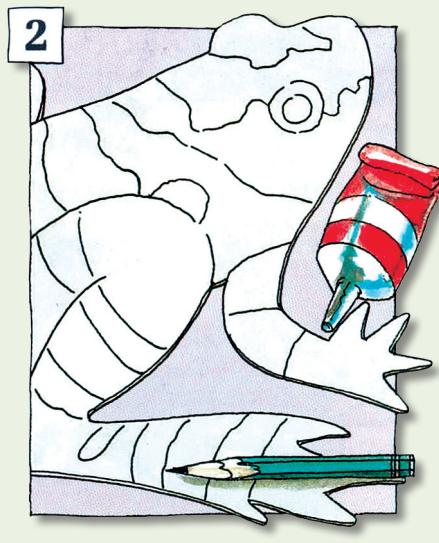
© ACARA, on behalf of the Ministerial Council for Education, Early Childhood Development and Youth Affairs, 2010.



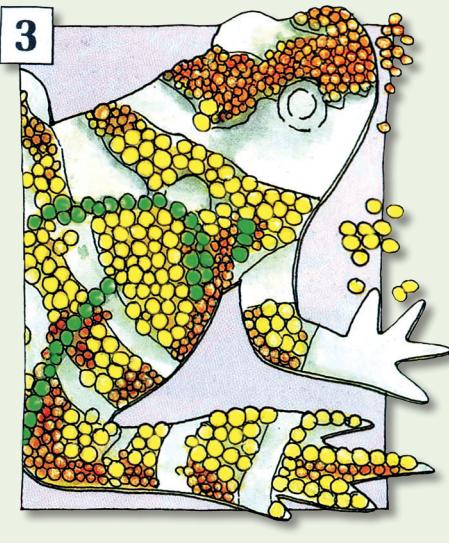
Frog craft



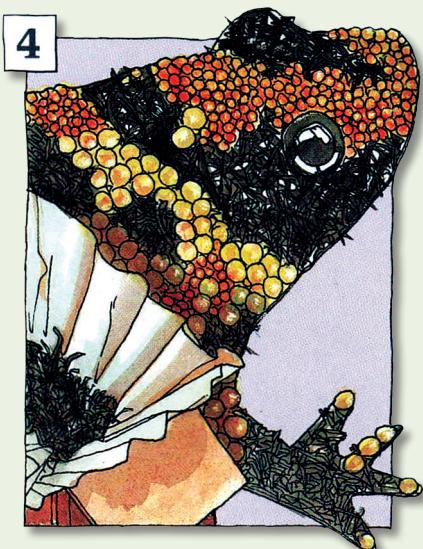
Draw a frog on a piece of card and cut it out. Collect some dried beans, split peas, orange lentils and large tea leaves.



Use a pencil to divide the frog's body into sections. Cover some of these areas with glue.



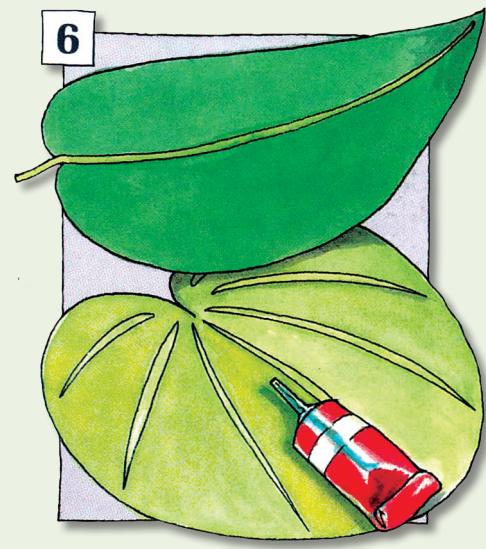
Press beans, peas and lentils onto these sections. Contrast the orange lentils with the green split peas.



Cover the remaining areas with glue. Use the tea leaves to make the black stripes on the frog's body. Glue on a circle of black paper for an eye.



Why not add a glimmer to the eye with kitchen foil? And for a wet look, add a coat of varnish to really make your frog shine.

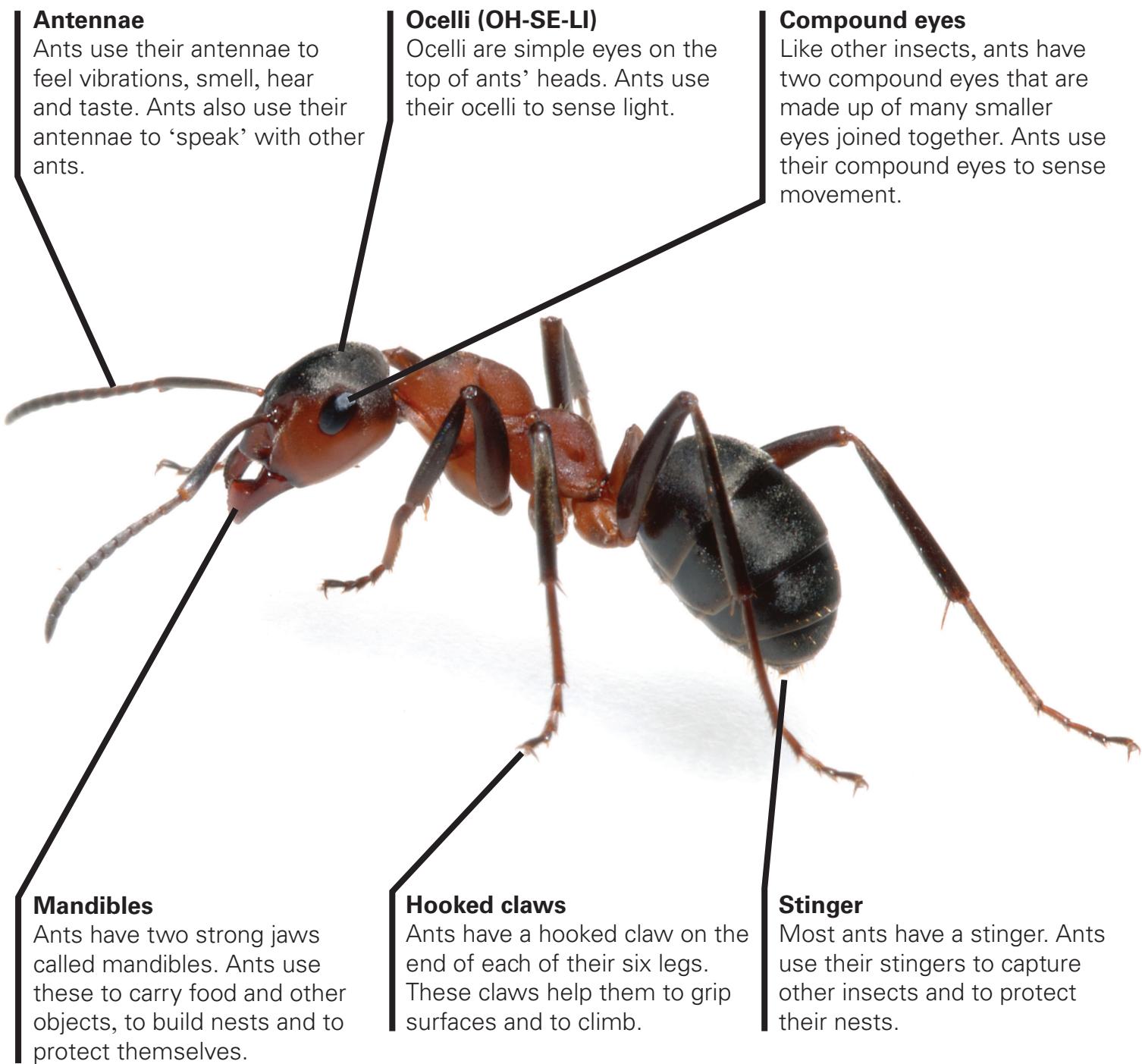


Now give your frog a leaf to sit on. This can simply be cut from green card or stiff paper. Attach the frog securely.

Adult supervision required. Frog is not edible.



The ant



Learning to track

Sarah is living on a farm where two families live.

Sarah was determined to learn to track, and if her father couldn't teach her, she'd teach herself. She borrowed a book on animal signs and tracking from the mobile library and memorised every word and illustration in it.

To the annoyance of everyone in both families, she borrowed all their shoes and, in the old sandpit, taught herself everyone's footprints. Shoes, sandals, thongs, gumboots, all ended up in the yard. More than once her father or her uncle Charlie came outside shouting, 'Sarah, where are you? Bring me back my boots.'

Sarah developed the habit of walking with her eyes fixed on the ground in front of her, tracking the comings and goings of every person in the place.

She also developed the annoying habit of questioning everyone. 'What were you doing down at the dam, Jack? You're not allowed to play with the pump. Did you find what you were looking for in the garage, Auntie Mai?' and 'Don't swing on the clothes hoist, Jack, you'll bend it,' or 'Who was the strange person, a man I think, who was wearing boots about size ten, who came to visit today, Mum?'

After she'd memorised every pair of shoes that everyone on the farm owned she started on the farm animals, including the horses, Fred and Freda.

By this time even her victims had to admit, grudgingly, that she was good. Her best effort came one evening at the dinner table when she told her father that Freda was lame in her front foot. Pat said that Freda was perfectly all right. Sarah was adamant that she wasn't, said her hoof had a split, and she was limping a little.

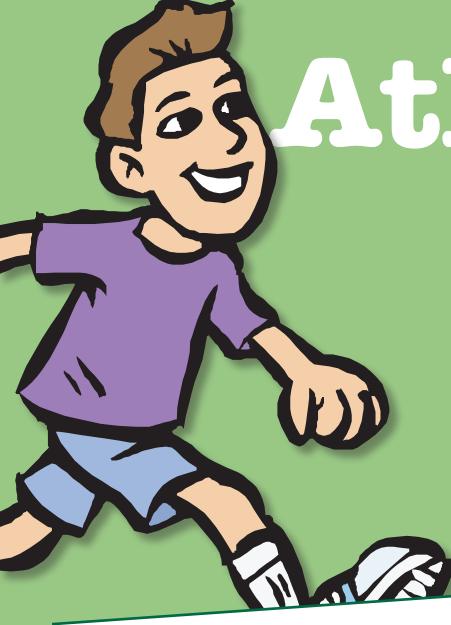
Everyone trudged out into the home paddock. Kate caught Freda and inspected her hoof.

'Sarah's right. The hoof is split. Did you look at this, Sarah?'

'No. I told you, you can see it in her tracks. Why would I need to look at it? Look.' She moved the horse away. 'Look, see there, it's plain in the dust. Well, can't you all see it?'

The others shook their heads.

'If you can tell she has a split hoof from that heap of dust, you're pretty good,' said Pat.



Athletics versus gardening

The students of Southside School were asked to give their opinions about whether the school should run a specialised athletics program or start a vegetable garden.

A specialised athletics program is definitely better than gardening. How are we ever going to win anything at the Inter-School Athletics without proper coaching? At the moment, we only do athletics for one term, and the teachers train us. We need experts to teach us things like hurdles and high jump.

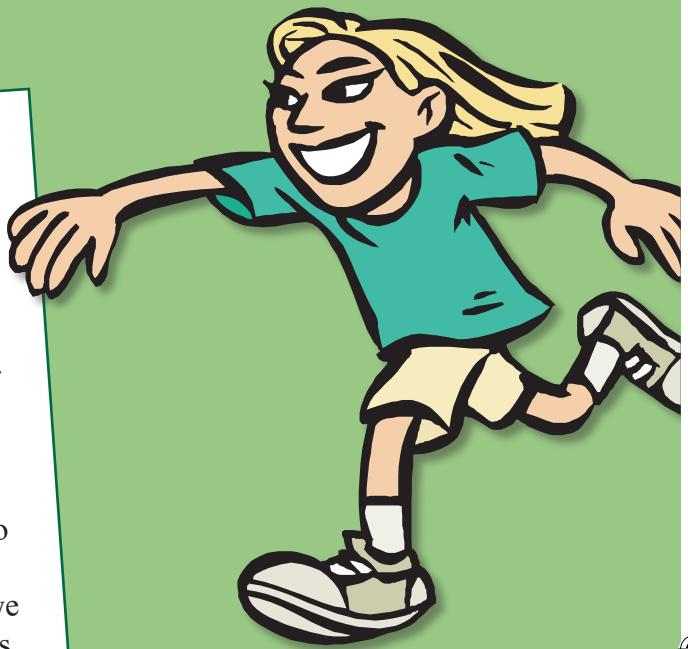
I know lots of kids say they're not interested in competitions but that's because they've never won anything. If they got better coaching and started winning things they'd soon change their minds.

People always say kids don't get enough exercise. Just because you do gardening outdoors doesn't make it exercise, so I don't see how it counts.

Athletics is much better for fitness, and lots of kids can have a go at the same time. I don't think there would be enough jobs for everyone in a garden.

In fact I think a garden is a really bad idea. I don't know why we're even considering it.

Liz, Grade 4



I think a vegetable garden is a great idea. We already do hours of sport, including athletics. And not everyone likes sport.

Gardening is a great way to get exercise without worrying about whether you're any good at it, or whether you're going to win. And you really do get exercise when you garden. There's digging, weeding and watering. Even picking things can be hard work – pumpkins aren't light you know!

There are lots of kids around here who don't have gardens so they can't grow things even if they want to. If you really want to do more sport you can join a club.

And think about it: what helps you to be good at sport? You need to eat lots of fruit and vegetables. If we learn to cook all the things we grow, the garden will keep us all fit and healthy and then we'll be better at sport.

Sam, Grade 5

Making flat glass

Flat glass is used in windows because it is strong, clear and weatherproof. In the past, making flat glass was time-consuming and costly, but now it can be made cheaply and easily using the float glass method. This multi-phase method was discovered in 1959 by a British company called Pilkington.

In the first phase, glass ingredients are put into a melting furnace. This produces molten glass.

Next, the molten glass is gently poured into a tank of molten tin. This tank is called a float bath because a layer of molten glass floats on the surface of the molten tin. Molten tin is used in the float bath because it has a smooth, mirror-like surface. The molten glass can be made thicker or thinner by controlling how fast it flows through the float bath.

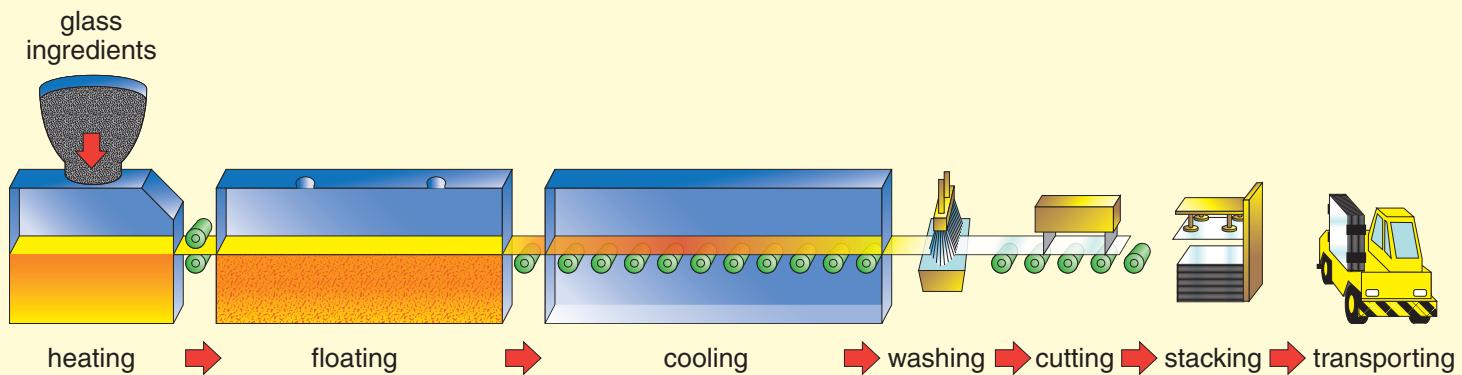
The flat layer of glass is then moved along rollers and cooled very slowly in a long tunnel called a lehr.

In the next phase, the glass is washed and then cut into sheets using diamond wheel cutters.

Finally, the sheets of glass are stacked together and then taken to the warehouse.



A long, flat layer of cooled glass comes out of the lehr to be washed and cut.



Cooper's Station

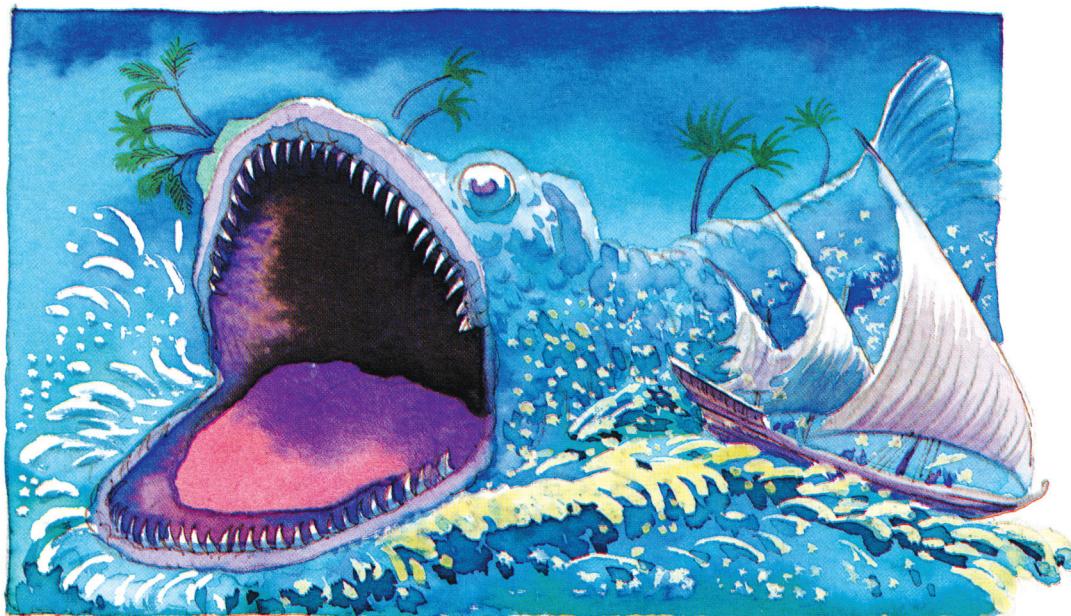
After World War Two, orphans were sometimes sent from England to live in Australia, often on farms or outback cattle stations. In this extract, two boys have just run away from Cooper's Station.

It was fear of getting caught, and sheer exhilaration that we were free, that kept us going that night. We knew that we mustn't stop, not for a moment, or even slow down, because Piggy would be sure to be coming after us just as soon as he discovered we were missing, and that would be at roll call at dawn. We had until then to get as far away as possible. Big Black Jack didn't want to trot for long, but he plodded on steadily, never tiring, and we sat up there the two of us, rocking our way towards the grey light of dawn. We were just so happy to be out of Cooper's Station. We talked a lot as we rode, and we laughed, laughed as hard as we could. I remember I felt cocooned by the night, swallowed up in its immensity, protected. At one point we saw some lights on the horizon. It looked like a settlement of some kind, so we kept our distance. We sang to the stars, all the millions of them up there. We sang 'For She's a Jolly Good Fellow' till we were hoarse with it. They seemed so close those stars, close enough to hear us.

It was cold, very cold that night. We had no water. We had no food. But none of that worried us. Not yet. We were too happy to be worried. Not even the cry of the dingoes bothered us. Only when the sun came up, and the bush came alive all about us, only then did we begin to feel alone in this wild and unfamiliar place with nothing but scrub and trees for miles around in every direction. We'd been following a dried-up creek for a while when I felt the first of the heat of the sun. That was when I first thought I wanted to drink. We had stopped talking to one another now. There was no more laughter. I was beginning to realise just how vast this place was and just how lost we were. I didn't like to say it though. Big Black Jack was walking on, purposeful and surefooted as ever. He seemed to know where he was going, and that made me feel better.

When finally Marty did say something though, it just confirmed my own worst fears. "I don't like this," he said. "We've been here before, when it was darker. We were coming the other way then. And I keep thinking something else too, something Wes told me once, and Wes knew all about horses. He said that a horse will never get itself lost. It'll always know the way home. I think maybe Big Black Jack is taking us back, back to Cooper's Station."

Amon and the giant fish



Once upon a time Amon was sailing his ship in a big storm. Suddenly, a giant fish came out of the sea. Amon quickly sailed away. Amon saved his ship.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Frog craft

Text and illustrations adapted from *Step by Step Collage* by Jim Robins and Philip Steele, Kingfisher Books, 1993.

Learning to track

Extract reproduced with permission from *Find Me a River* by Bronwyn Blake, Lothian Children's Books, an imprint of Hachette Australia, 2001.

Making flat glass

Text and diagram adapted from *Glass* by Hazel Songhurst, Wayland Publishers Ltd, 1991.

Cooper's Station

Extract from *Alone on a Wide Wide Sea* by Michael Morpurgo, HarperCollins Publishers Ltd, 2006.

Amon and the giant fish

Illustration from *The Arabian Nights* by Brian Alderson and Michael Foreman, Victor Gollancz Ltd / Penguin Books, 1997, illustration copyright © Michael Foreman, 1992.